

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## IS HE POPENJOY?

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XLIV. WHAT THE BROTHERTON  
CLERGYMEN SAID ABOUT IT.

HAD Jack knocked at the door and asked for Lady George he certainly would not have seen her. She was enduring at that moment, with almost silent obstinacy, the fierce anger of her indignant husband. "She was sure that it would be bad for her to go to Cross Hall at present, or anywhere among the Germaines, while such things were said of her as the marquis had said." Could Lord George have declared that the marquis was at war with the family as he had been at war some weeks since, this argument would have fallen to the ground. But he could not do so, and it seemed to be admitted that by going to Cross Hall she was to take part against her father, and so far to take part with the marquis, who had maligned her. This became her strong point, and as Lord George was not strong in argument, he allowed her to make the most of it. "Surely you wouldn't let me go anywhere," she said, "where such names as that are believed against me?" She had not heard the name, nor had he, and they were in the dark; but she pleaded her cause well, and appealed again and again to her husband's promise to take her to the Deanery. His stronghold was that of marital authority—authority unbounded, legitimate, and not to be questioned. "But if you commanded me to quarrel with papa?" she asked.

"I have commanded nothing of the kind."

"But if you did?"

"Then you must quarrel with him."

"I couldn't—and I wouldn't," said she, burying her face upon the arm of the sofa.

At any rate on the next morning she didn't go; nor, indeed, did he come to fetch her, so convinced had he been of the persistency of her obstinacy. But he told her as he left her that if she separated herself from him now, then the separation must be lasting. Her father, however, foreseeing this threat, had told her just the reverse. "He is an obstinate man," the dean had said, "but he is good and conscientious, and he loves you."

"I hope he loves me."

"I am sure he does. He is not a fickle man. At present he has put himself into his brother's hands, and we must wait till the tide turns. He will learn by degrees to know how unjust he has been."

So it came to pass that Lord George went down to Cross Hall in the morning, and that Mary accompanied her father to the Deanery the same afternoon. The dean had already learned that it would be well that he should face his clerical enemies as soon as possible. He had already received a letter worded in friendly terms from the bishop, asking him whether he would not wish to make some statement as to the occurrence at Scumberg's Hotel, which might be made known to the clergymen of the cathedral. He had replied by saying that he wished to make no such statement, but that on his return to Brotherton he would be very willing to tell the bishop the whole story if the bishop wished to hear it. He had been conscious of Mr. Groschut's hand even among the civil phrases which had come from the bishop himself. "In such a matter," he said in his reply, "I am amenable to the

laws of the land, and am not, as I take it, amenable to any other authority." Then he went on to say that, for his own satisfaction, he should be very glad to tell the story to the bishop.

The story as it reached Brotherton had, no doubt, given rise to a great deal of scandal and a great deal of amusement. Pountner and Holdenough were to some extent ashamed of their bellicose dean. There is something ill-mannered, ungentlemanlike, what we now call rowdy, in personal encounters, even among laymen; and this is of course aggravated when the assailant is a clergyman. And these canons, though they kept up pleasant, social relations with the dean, were not ill-disposed to make use of so excellent a weapon against a man, who, though coming from a lower order than themselves, was never disposed in any way to yield to them. But the two canons were gentlemen, and as gentlemen were gracious. Though they liked to have the dean on the hip, they did not want to hurt him sorely when they had gotten him there. They would be contented with certain sly allusions and only half-expressed triumphs. But Mr. Groschut was confirmed in his opinion that the dean was altogether unfit for his position—which, for the interest of the Church, should be filled by some such man as Mr. Groschut himself, by some God-fearing clergyman, not known as a hard rider across country and as a bruiser with his fists. There had been an article in the Brotherton Church Gazette, in which an anxious hope was expressed that some explanation would be given of the very incredible tidings which had unfortunately reached Brotherton. Then Mr. Groschut had spoken a word in season to the bishop. Of course he said it could not be true; but would it not be well that the dean should be invited to make his own statement? It was Mr. Groschut who had himself used the word "incredible" in the article. Mr. Groschut, in speaking to the bishop, said that the tidings must be untrue. And yet he believed, and rejoiced in believing, every word of them. He was a pious man, and did not know that he was lying. He was an anxious Christian, and did not know that he was doing his best to injure an enemy behind his back. He hated the dean; but he thought that he loved him. He was sure that the dean would go to some unpleasant place, and gloried in the certainty; but he thought that he was

most anxious for the salvation of the dean's soul. "I think your lordship owes it to him to offer him the opportunity," said Mr. Groschut.

The bishop, too, was what we call a severe man; but his severity was used chiefly against himself. He was severe in his principles. But, knowing the world better than his chaplain, was aware how much latitude it was necessary that he should allow in dealing with men. And in his heart of hearts he had a liking for the dean. Whenever there were any tiffs the dean could take a blow and give a blow, and then think no more about it. This, which was a virtue in the eyes of the bishop, was no virtue at all to Mr. Groschut, who hated to be hit himself, and wished to think that his own blows were fatal. In urging the matter with the bishop, Mr. Groschut expressed an opinion that, if this story were unfortunately true, the dean should cease to be dean. He thought that the dean must see this himself. "I am given to understand that he was absolutely in custody of the police," said Mr. Groschut. The bishop was annoyed by his chaplain; but still he wrote the letter.

On the very morning of his arrival in Brotherton the dean went to the palace. "Well, my lord?" said the dean, "you have heard this cock-and-bull story."

"I have heard a story," said the bishop. He was an old man, very tall and very thin, looking as though he had crushed out of himself all taste for the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, but singularly urbane in his manner, with an old-fashioned politeness. He smiled as he invited the dean to a seat, and then expressed a hope that nobody had been much hurt. "Very serious injuries have been spoken of here, but I know well how rumour magnifies these things."

"Had I killed him, my lord, I should have been neither more nor less to blame than I am now, for I certainly endeavoured to do my worst to him." The bishop's face assumed a look of pain and wonder. "When I had the miscreant in my hands I did not pause to measure the weight of my indignation. He told me, me a father, that my child was—" He had risen from his chair, and as he pronounced the word, stood looking into the bishop's eyes. "If there be purity on earth, sweet feminine modesty, playfulness devoid of guile, absolute freedom from any stain of leprosy, they are to be found with my girl."

"Yes, yes; I am sure of that."

"She is my worldly treasure. I have none other. I desire none other. I have wounded this man by certain steps which I have taken in reference to his family; and then, that he might wound me in return, he did not scruple to use that word to his own sister-in-law, to my daughter. Was that a time to consider whether a clergyman may be justified in putting out his strength? No, my lord. Old as you are, you would have attempted it yourself. I took him up and smote him, and it is not my fault if he is not a cripple for life." The bishop gazed at him speechlessly, but felt quite sure that it was not in his power to rebuke his fellow-clergyman. "Now, my lord," continued the dean, "you have heard the story. I tell it to you, and I shall tell it to no one else. I tell it to you, not because you are the bishop of this diocese, and I the dean of this cathedral—and as such, I am in such a matter by no means subject to your lordship's authority—but, because of all my neighbours you are the most respected, and I would wish that the truth should be known to some one." Then he ceased, neither enjoining secrecy, nor expressing any wish that the story should be correctly told to others.

"He must be a cruel man," said the bishop.

"No, my lord; he is no man at all. He is a degraded animal, unfortunately placed almost above penalties by his wealth and rank. I am glad to think that he has at last encountered some little punishment, though I could wish that the use of the scourge had fallen into other hands than mine." Then he took his leave, and as he went the bishop was very gracious to him.

"I am almost inclined to think he was justified," said the bishop to Mr. Groschut.

"Justified, my lord! The dean—in striking the Marquis of Brotherton, and then falling into the hands of the police!"

"I know nothing about the police."

"May I ask your lordship what was his account of the transaction?"

"I cannot give it you. I simply say that I think that he was justified." Then Mr. Groschut expressed his opinion to Mrs. Groschut that the bishop was getting old—very old indeed. Mr. Groschut was almost afraid that no good could be done in the diocese, till a firmer and a younger man sat in the seat.

The main facts of the story came to the

knowledge of the canons, though I doubt whether the bishop ever told all that was told to him. Some few hard words were said. Canon Pountner made a remark in the dean's hearing about the Church militant, which drew forth from the dean an allusion to the rites of Bacchus, which the canon only half understood. And Dr. Holdenough asked the dean whether there had not been some little trouble between him and the marquis. "I am afraid you have been a little hard upon my noble brother-in-law," said the doctor. To which the dean replied that the doctor should teach his noble brother-in-law better manners. But, upon the whole, the dean held his own well, and was as carefully waited upon to his seat by the vergers, as though there had been no scene at Scumberg's Hotel.

For a time, no doubt, there was a hope on the part of Mr. Groschut and his adherents that there would be some further police interference—that the marquis would bring an action, or that the magistrates would demand some enquiry. But nothing was done. The marquis endured his bruised back at any rate in silence. But there came tidings to Brotherton, that his lordship would not again be seen at Manor Cross that year. The house had been kept up as though for him, and he had certainly declared his purpose of returning when he left the place. He had indeed spoken of living there almost to the end of autumn. But early in July it became known that, when he left Scumberg's Hotel, he would go abroad. And before the middle of July it was intimated to Lady Alice, and through her to all Brotherton, that the dowager, with her daughters and Lord George, were going back to the old house.

In the meantime Lady George was still at the Deanery, and Lord George at Cross Hall; and to the eyes of the world the husband had been separated from his wife. His anger was certainly very deep, especially against his wife's father. The fact that his commands had been twice—nay, as he said, thrice—disobeyed, rankled in his mind. He had ordered her not to waltz, and she had waltzed with, as Lord George thought, the most objectionable man in all London. He had ordered her to leave town with him immediately after Mrs. Jones's ball, and she had remained in town. He had ordered her now to leave her father and to cleave to him, but she had cleft to her father and had deserted



him. What husband can do other than repudiate his wife under such circumstances as these! He was moody, gloomy, silent, never speaking of her, never going into Brotherton lest by chance he should see her; but always thinking of her—and always, always longing for her company.

She talked of him daily to her father, and was constant in her prayer that they should not be made to quarrel. Having so long doubted whether she could ever love him, she now could not understand the strength of her own feeling. "Papa, mightn't I write to him?" she said. But her father thought that she should not herself take the first step, at any rate, till the marquis was gone. It was she who had in fact been injured, and the overture should come from the other side. Then at last, in a low whisper, hiding her face, she told her father a great secret; adding, with a voice a little raised: "Now, papa, I must write to him."

"My darling, my dearest," said the dean, leaning over and kissing her with more than his usual demonstration of love.

"I may write now?"

"Yes, dear, you should certainly tell him that." Then the dean went out and walked round the Deanery garden, and the cathedral cloisters, and the Close, assuring himself that after a very little while the real Lord Popenjoy would be his own grandson.

#### CHAPTER XLV. LADY GEORGE AT THE DEANERY.

It took Mary a long, long morning—not altogether an unhappy morning—to write her letter to her husband. She was forced to make many attempts before she could tell the great news in a fitting way; and even when the telling was done she was very far from being satisfied with the manner of it. There should have been no necessity that such tidings should be told by letter. It was cruel, very cruel, that such a moment should not have been made happy to her by his joy. The whisper made to her father should have been made to him, but that things had gone so untowardly with her. And then, in her present circumstances, she could not devote her letter to the one event. She must refer to the said subject of their separation. "Dear, dearest George, pray do not think of quarrelling with me," she said twice over in her letter. The letter did get itself finished at last, and the groom was sent over with it on horseback.

What answer would he make to her? Would he be very happy? Would he be happy enough to forgive her at once, and come and stay with her at the Deanery? or would the importance of the moment make him more imperious than ever in commanding that she should go with him to Cross Hall? If he did command her now, she thought that she must go. Then she sat meditating what would be the circumstances of her life there—how absolutely she would be trodden upon; how powerless she would be to resist those Dorcas conclaves after her mutiny and subsequent submission! Though she could not quite guess, she could nearly guess what bad things had been said of her; and the ladies at Cross Hall were, as she understood, now in amity with him who had said them. They had believed evil of her, and of course, therefore, in going to Cross Hall she would go to it as to a reformatory. But the Deanery would be to her a paradise, if only her husband would but come to her there. It was not only that she was mistress of everything, including her own time, but that her father's infinite tenderness made all things soft and sweet to her. She hated to be scolded, and the slightest roughness of word or tone seemed to her to convey a rebuke. But he was never rough. She loved to be caressed by those who were dear and near and close to her, and his manner was always caressing. She often loved, if the truth is to be spoken, to be idle, and to spend hours with an unread book in her hand under the shade of the Deanery trees, and among the flowers of the Deanery garden. The dean never questioned her as to those idle hours. But at Cross Hall not a half-hour would be allowed to pass without enquiry as to its purpose. At Cross Hall there would be no novels—except those of Miss Edgeworth, which were sickening to her. She might have all Mudie down to the Deanery if she chose to ask for it. At Cross Hall she would be driven out with the dowager, Lady Susanna, and Lady Amelia, for two hours daily, and would have to get out of the carriage at every cottage she came to. At the Deanery there was a pair of ponies, and it was her great delight to drive her father about the roads outside the city. She sometimes thought that a long sojourn at Cross Hall would kill her. Would he not be kind to her now, and loving, and would he not come and stay with her for one or two happy weeks in her father's house? If



so, how dearly she would love him; how good she would be to him; how she would strive to gratify him in all his whims! Then she thought of Adelaide Houghton and the letter; and she thought also of those subsequent visits to Berkeley Square. But still she did not in the least believe that he cared for Adelaide Houghton. It was impossible that he should like a painted, unreal, helmeted creature, who smelt of oils, and was never unaffected for a moment. At any rate she would never, never throw Adelaide Houghton in his teeth. If she had been imprudent, so had he; and she would teach him how small errors ought to be forgiven. But would he come to her, or would he only write? Surely he would come to her now, when there was matter of such vital moment to be discussed between them. Surely there would be little directions to her given, which should be obeyed—oh, with such care, if he would be good to her.

That pernicious groom must have ridden home along the road nearly as quickly as the dean's cob would carry him, for the express purpose of saying that there was no message. When he had been about ten minutes in the Cross Hall kitchen, he was told that there was no message, and had trotted off with most unnecessary speed. Mary was with her father when word was brought to him, saying that there was no message. "Oh, papa, he doesn't care!" she said.

"He will be sure to write," said the dean, "and he would not allow himself to write in a hurry."

"But why doesn't he come?"

"He ought to come."

"Oh, papa; if he doesn't care, I shall die."

"Men always care very much."

"But if he has made up his mind to quarrel with me for ever, then he won't care. Why didn't he send his love?"

"He wouldn't do that by the groom."

"I'd send him mine by a chimney-sweep if there were nobody else." Then the door was opened, and in half a second she was in her husband's arms. "Oh, George, my darling, my own, I am so happy. I thought you would come. Oh, my dear!" Then the dean crept out without a word, and the husband and the wife were together for hours.

"Do you think she is well?" said Lord George to the dean in the course of the afternoon.

"Well? why shouldn't she be well?"

"In this condition I take it one never quite knows."

"I should say there isn't a young woman in England in better general health. I never knew her to be ill in my life since she had the measles."

"I thought she seemed flushed."

"No doubt, at seeing you."

"I suppose she ought to see the doctor."

"See a fiddlestick. If she's not fretted she won't want a doctor, till the time comes when the doctor will be with her whether she wants him or not. There's nothing so bad as coddling. Everybody knows that now. The great thing is to make her happy."

There came a cloud across Lord George's brow as this was said, a cloud which he could not control, though, as he had hurried across the park on horseback, he had made up his mind to be happy and good-humoured. He certainly had cared very much. He had spoken no word on the subject to anyone, but he had been very much disappointed when he had been married twelve months and no hope of an heir had as yet been vouchsafed to him. When his brother had alluded to the matter, he had rebuked even his brother. He had never ventured to ask a question even of his wife. But he had been himself aware of his own bitter disappointment. The reading of his wife's letter had given him a feeling of joy keener than any he had before felt. For a moment he had been almost triumphant. Of course he would go to her. That distasteful Popenjoy up in London was sick and ailing; and after all this might be the true Popenjoy who, in coming days, would re-establish the glory of the family. But, at any rate, she was his wife, and the bairn would be his bairn. He had been made a happy man, and had determined to enjoy to the full the first blush of his happiness. But when he was told that she was not to be fretted, that she was to be made specially happy, and was so told by her father, he did not quite clearly see his way for the future. Did this mean that he was to give up everything, that he was to confess tacitly that he had been wrong in even asking his wife to go with him to Cross Hall, and that he was to be reconciled in all things to the dean? He was quite ready to take his wife back, to abstain from accusations against her, to let her be one of the family, but he was as eager as ever to repudiate the dean. To the eyes of his mother the dean was now the most horrible of human

beings, and her eldest born the dearest of sons. After all that he had endured he was again going to let her live at the old family house, and all those doubts about Popenjoy had, she thought, been fully satisfied. The marquis to her thinking was now almost a model marquis, and this dear son, this excellent head of the family, had been nearly murdered by the truculent dean. Of course the dean was spoken of at Cross Hall in very bitter terms, and of course those terms made impression on Lord George. In the first moments of his paternal anxiety he had been willing to encounter the dean in order that he might see his wife; but he did not like to be told by the dean that his wife ought to be made happy. "I don't know what there is to make her unhappy," he said, "if she will do her duty."

"That she has always done," said the dean, "both before her marriage and since."

"I suppose she will come home now," said Lord George.

"I hardly know what home means. Your own home, I take it, is in Munster Court."

"My own home is at Manor Cross," said Lord George, proudly.

"While that is the residence of Lord Brotherton it is absolutely impossible that she should go there. Would you take her to the house of a man who has scurrilously maligned her as he has done?"

"He is not there or likely to be there. Of course she would come to Cross Hall first."

"Do you think that would be wise? You were speaking just now with anxiety as to her condition."

"Of course I am anxious."

"You ought to be, at any rate. Do you think that, as she is now, she should be subjected to the cold kindness of the ladies of your family?"

"What right have you to call their kindness cold?"

"Ask yourself. You hear what they say. I do not. You must know exactly what has been the effect in your mother's house of the scene between me and your brother at that hotel. I spurned him from me with violence, because he had maligned your wife. I may expect you to forgive me."

"It was very unfortunate."

"I may feel sure that you as a man must exonerate me from blame in that matter, but I cannot expect your mother to see it in the same light. I ask you whether they do not regard her as wayward and unmanageable."

He paused for a reply; and Lord George found himself obliged to say something. "She should come and show that she is not wayward or unmanageable."

"But she would be so to them. Without meaning it they would torment her, and she would be miserable. Do you not know that it would be so?" He almost seemed to yield. "If you wish her to be happy, come here for awhile. If you will stay here with us for a month, so that this stupid idea of a quarrel shall be wiped out of people's minds, I will undertake that she shall then go to Cross Hall. To Manor Cross she cannot go, while the marquis is its ostensible master."

Lord George was very far from being prepared to yield in this way. He had thought that his wife in her present condition would have been sure to obey him, and had even ventured to hope that the dean would make no further objection. "I don't think that this is the place for her," he said. "Wherever I am she should be with me."

"Then come here, and it will be all right," said the dean.

"I don't think that I can do that."

"If you are anxious for her health you will." A few minutes ago the dean had been very stout in his assurances that everything was well with his daughter, but he was by no means unwilling to take advantage of her interesting situation to forward his own views. "I certainly cannot say that she ought to go to Cross Hall at present. She would be wretched there. Ask yourself."

"Why should she be wretched?"

"Ask yourself. You had promised her that you would come here. Does not the very fact of your declining to keep that promise declare that you are dissatisfied with her conduct, and with mine?" Lord George was dissatisfied with his wife's conduct and with the dean's, but at the present moment did not wish to say so. "I maintain that her conduct is altogether irreproachable; and as for my own, I feel that I am entitled to your warmest thanks for what I have done. I must desire you to understand that we will neither of us submit to blame."

Nothing had been arranged when Lord George left the Deanery. The husband could not bring himself to say a harsh word to his wife. When she begged him to promise that he would come over to the Deanery, he shook his head. Then she shed a tear, but as she did it she

kissed him, and he could not answer her love by any rough word. So he rode back to Cross Hall, feeling that the difficulties of his position were almost insuperable.

On the next morning Mr. Price came to him. Mr. Price was the farmer who had formerly lived at Cross Hall, who had given his house up to the dowager, and who had in consequence been told that he must quit the land at the expiration of his present term. "So, my lord, his lordship ain't going to stay very long after all," said Mr. Price.

"I don't quite know as yet," said Lord George.

"I have had Mr. Knox with me this morning, saying that I may go back to the Hall whenever I please. He took me so much by surprise, I didn't know what I was doing."

"My mother is still there, Mr. Price."

"In course she is, my lord. But Mr. Knox was saying that she is going to move back at once to the old house. It's very kind of his lordship, I'm sure, to let bygones be bygones." Lord George could only say that nothing was as yet settled, but that Mr. Price would be, of course, welcome to Cross Hall, should the family go back to Manor Cross.

This took place about the 10th of June, and for a fortnight after that no change took place in any of their circumstances. Lady Alice Holdenough called upon Lady George, and, with her husband, dined at the Deanery; but Mary saw nothing else of any of the ladies of the family. No letter came from either of her sisters-in-law congratulating her as to her new hopes, and the Manor Cross carriage never stopped at the dean's door. The sisters came to see Lady Alice, who lived also in the Close, but they never even asked for Lady George. All this made the dean very angry, so that he declared that his daughter should under no circumstances be the first to give way. As she had not offended, she should never be driven to ask for pardon. During this time Lord George more than once saw his wife, but he had no farther interview with the dean.

#### BRITISH MOBILISATION.

At the present time, and under the peculiar circumstances which now rule over public affairs, it is almost imperative that the public should be better informed than they are respecting both the component parts of our land forces, and what could be done

if we were forced to send an army into the field. For the last four or five years our military authorities have been endeavouring to effect what is called a mobilisation of the whole army; and, considering the difficulties they have had to contend with, the attempt has been a much greater success than was at first anticipated. In England, Ireland, and Scotland, the active army and troops have been divided into eight army corps. Of these the first has its headquarters at Colchester, the second at Aldershot, the third at Croydon, the fourth at Dublin, the fifth at Salisbury, the sixth at Chester, the seventh at York, and the eighth at Edinburgh. A glance at the map will show how carefully the military partitions have been chosen from a geographical point of view. Still more will these be admired when we come to examine the minor divisions, of which more presently. Each army corps is theoretically—and, in a very great measure, practically—complete in itself. The great difficulty the authorities have to contend with is one which is unknown in foreign armies. In the English service we have continually to provide for the relief of troops stationed in India and in the colonies. In Russia and Germany this is an obstacle which does not exist; while in France it is very partial, Algeria being the only colony garrisoned by the French.

As an example of how far our mobilisation scheme has been carried out, let us take the First Army Corps, quartered, as we said before, at Colchester. The staff of the corps consists of a general officer in command, four aides-de-camp, six officers of the adjutant-general's and quartermaster-general's departments, a brigadier-general commanding the artillery, and a colonel commanding the engineers—each of whom has a brigade-major and an aide-de-camp attached to his staff—a commandant at headquarters, a provost-marshal, a commissary-general, a principal medical officer, a chief veterinary surgeon, and a principal chaplain. As yet the names of the officers who are to fill these several appointments have not been filled in, which, although an error on the economical, and therefore in some measure on the right side of the question, is certainly a mistake as regards the efficiency of the army. If our forces are to be mobilised, the staff of each army corps, of each division, and of each brigade, ought most certainly to be filled up. At the present moment we have a superabundance of officers, who,



although barely in the prime of life, are on half-pay, and unemployed. The difference between the pay these gentlemen now receive and what they would receive if employed is, comparatively speaking, very trifling, in consideration of the immense good that would be effected to the service by an army corps being placed on such a footing as to be always ready for any emergency. As it is, that portion of the Army List where the composition of the eight army corps is given looks like a play-bill, on which the different parts of a play are detailed, but where the names of no actors are given. But having said this much, we have adduced all the chief evidence that can be brought against this part of the scheme of British mobilisation; which, to say the least of it, must have caused the military authorities not a little care and trouble.

In former days, in the times of any of our old wars, a kind of mobilisation of the army existed, but only when troops were actually called to take the field. It is true we had no such term as army corps, which we have borrowed of late years from the French and the Germans; but two or three battalions were always united together in brigades, and two or three brigades formed a division. The different regiments, however, had rarely the advantage of knowing each other. Highland battalions were generally kept together, and the battalions of foot guards were always brigaded with each other. In our new system of mobilisation, every regiment in the service has, so to speak, a distinct and individual clanship with some other corps. Thus if, or when, the First Army Corps is called into the field, the cavalry brigade of the corps would consist, as regards cavalry, of the Fifth Lancers, the Twenty-first Hussars, and the Suffolk Yeomanry; and in the infantry, the first brigade of the first division—there are three divisions in each army corps, in each division there are two brigades, and in each brigade three battalions—consists of the Sixty-fourth, the One Hundred and Fifth, and the One Hundred and Eighth Foot. Should these corps be quartered in England their post would be with this brigade at all times; and, in the event of any of them being stationed abroad, what is called the "linked battalion" of such corps would take its place. Thus the Sixty-fourth Regiment is now stationed at Colchester, its "linked battalion" is the Ninety-eighth Regiment, which is at Malta; and under

the new system of mobilisation care is taken to avoid as much as possible sending two battalions that are "linked" together out of the country at the same time. In like manner the One Hundred and Fifth Foot is also stationed at Colchester, and its "linked battalion," the Fifty-first, is quartered in Bengal; and the One Hundred and Eighth Regiment, forming another regiment of the brigade at Colchester, has for its "linked battalion" the Twenty-seventh, which is stationed at Malta.

As has been remarked before, the great obstacle towards forming a really effective mobilisation of the British Army, is the continual demand there is upon our forces for the relief of regiments who have served their time in India or the colonies. There is also another, which, although a less often occurring difficulty, is still a great hindrance to the perfect working of any system of the kind. We allude to the petty, and not always inconsiderable, wars, which are so often occurring in one or other of our dependencies, and which call for reinforcements of troops being sent to one or other of our colonies, such as is at present the case at the Cape. Severe drains like these upon our military resources must always impede greatly the development of a system like that of our army mobilisation, which can hardly be said to be as yet fairly tried, and which it will certainly take several years to test properly.

It must not be thought that all the regiments which compose one of the newly-formed army corps, are quartered at the same place as the headquarters and staff of the corps. On the contrary, they are more or less scattered, but are all in the vicinity of the staff, and within easy call. Thus the First Army Corps has its headquarters at Colchester, and there also are quartered the two brigades which form the first division; the one being composed of the Sixty-fourth, One Hundred and Fifth, and One Hundred and Eighth Regiments; the other of the Fiftieth Regiment, and of the first battalion of the Twenty-second Regiment. But the cavalry brigade is stationed at Maldon; the second division of the army corps is at Chelmsford; and the third at Gravesend. Of the second division, the two brigades are respectively at Chelmsford and Warley; whilst those of the third division are at Gravesend and Chatham; and the artillery—composed of three troops of horse artillery and five batteries of foot—are some at Colchester, and

others at Woolwich and Shorncliffe. Of engineers attached to the First Army Corps there are a pontoon troop, a telegraph troop, and a company for field works; the two former being stationed, strange to say, at Aldershot, the latter at Chatham.

Here, again, an example of what must be called the incompleteness of the system of mobilisation which we have adopted meets us. In every one of the eight army corps there are certain anomalies which either ought not to exist, or, if they are inevitable, show that this scheme of military concentration is not adapted to our service. Thus, in the First Corps, the second brigade of the first division of infantry is a mere myth: the headquarters of the brigade are put down as being at Colchester; but the regiments which compose it, the first battalion of the Twenty-second Foot and the Fiftieth Foot, are quartered at Buttevant and Kinsale respectively. And it is the same with the first brigade of the second division of the same corps, which is nominally stationed at Chelmsford. The regiments which compose this brigade are the first battalion First Foot, the second battalion Eighteenth Foot, and the One Hundred and Fourth Foot. These corps are stationed—the first at the Curragh, the second at Kilkenny, and the third at Birr. Nor is this extraordinary anomaly caused by regiments being on foreign service; it is a regular muddle of the authorities, and is printed, as we have copied it, in the Army List for January last. The object and intention of army mobilisation is, that whenever troops are wanted for offensive or defensive purposes, they should be ready at hand, and the corps that are to work together should be stationed at or near the same place. In some, or perhaps most respects, this idea has been carried out in our British mobilisation; but, in many instances, the troops destined for a certain place appear to have been selected from those at as great a distance as possible. We have given one or two instances of this, but there are others still more glaring and absurd. Thus, the third division of the Second Army Corps consists of two brigades, both of which have their headquarters at Dorking; but the troops which compose these brigades are the Royal Ayr Militia, the Renfrew Militia, the Royal Perth Militia, the Galway Militia, the North Cork and the South Cork Militia. How these gallant regiments are to get, in

the event of a sudden emergency, to Dorking, we are not informed. It must, however, be allowed that the compilers of this list of stations have made some compensation to the regiments thus curiously displaced from their own countries. For having sent three Scotch and three Irish corps to Dorking, they have named four Yorkshire militia corps to the Curragh, and five Irish militia regiments to Edinburgh.

It is needless to say that such a distribution of troops would be utterly useless in the event of any sudden emergency. When the war between France and Germany broke out in 1870, more than half the first defeats of the French army were, with truth, attributed to the fact of men, belonging to the reserve, having to travel from one end of France to the other before they could join their regiments. As a matter of course, great delay was occasioned by this, and the consequence was that many corps commenced the campaign several hundred men under their proper strength.

In Germany the exact contrary was the case. The present writer happened to be at Cologne for two or three days in July, 1870, while the army was being mobilised. No regiment had to move from the town where it was quartered until the moment came to join the headquarters of its brigade, which was never more than a few hours' journey by rail. In the same way every brigade was more or less close to the headquarters of its division, and no division was far from the headquarters of its army corps. As for the men composing the reserve, they seemed to literally lay down the pen, the trowel, the brush, or whatever else, as citizens, they gained their bread by, and take up the lance, the rifle, or the sabre, according to the branch of the service to which they belonged. Anything more admirably organised it would be impossible to imagine. There was no confusion of any kind. The consequence was, as we all know, that the whole German army was mobilised and ready to march in less than a week, and struck the first blow at the enemy long before the latter had time to collect his scattered forces.

Unless a scheme of mobilisation be drawn up in such a manner that the troops composing each brigade, division, and army corps can be called under the colours at almost a moment's notice, it is worse than useless for any practical purpose. In the plan of British mobilisation, as given in the Army List, there is a mixture of the prac-

tical and the unpractical, such as has seldom been seen in any official document. For instance, let us take the second division of the Fifth Army Corps. This division has its headquarters at Warminster, where both the brigades composing it are also quartered. The second brigade is formed, sensibly enough, of three neighbouring militia regiments; namely, the Royal Wilts, the Royal Berks, and the Royal Bucks. But the other brigade, having also its headquarters at Warminster, is composed of three Irish militia regiments; namely, that of Monaghan, of Louth, and of Longford. Let us, for instance, suppose that the Fifth Army Corps had to be mobilised at short notice, how long would it take these three regiments to be got together in their respective native places? And how much more time would it take for them to reach Kings-town, cross the Channel, and come to their rendezvous? It is to be feared that, by the time they reached Warminster, their services would be no longer required. In these days, the fate of an army is decided in a very few days, often in a few hours.

The composition of the Fourth Army Corps, of which the headquarters are at Dublin, is even more extraordinary than that which we have already noticed. In this corps there are fourteen militia regiments. Of these, four are Scotch and ten are English; so that in the event of the only army corps in Ireland being mobilised, the brigades would be filled up with militia regiments, not one of which belonged to the country where they were serving. There are in Ireland thirty-two militia regiments, of which, all save eight or nine are told off to army corps in England, and their places in Ireland taken by militia regiments from England or Scotland. In the same manner, there are belonging to Scotland eleven militia infantry regiments. Of these, all save three are mobilised with army corps of England or Ireland. Comment upon such a state of things is surely unnecessary. We hear and read a great deal regarding the difficulty of obtaining recruits for the regular army, as well as for the militia. On the different causes that hinder men from coming forward for the former service, we may have something to say on a future occasion. But as regards the militia, may not the extraordinary scheme of mobilisation have something to do with the deficiency? It stands to reason, that a working-man, or artisan, would far rather engage for service in a regi-

ment which assembled close to his own home, than in one in which he was liable to be sent a long distance from his family and his belongings. Take, for instance, the Fourth West York Militia. The headquarters of this regiment are at Leeds; but if the Fourth Army Corps were mobilised, the regiment would be sent to the Curragh. Surely, it would be more sensible, more rational, and more likely to attract recruits, if, in the event of mobilisation, the Fourth West York took its place in the ranks of the Seventh Army Corps, of which the headquarters are at York.

In order to make the mobilisation of the British army really effective, it ought to be on a large scale, as much as possible what the embodiment of the militia has always been on a small one. That is to say, the men ought to know and to feel that, save in the event of any great emergency, they will not have to serve at any great distance from their homes. A system of this sort would also have another great advantage. An army corps could be mobilised in fewer hours than it would take weeks to effect under the present scheme. And this we take to be the chief reason for any kind of mobilisation at all. If Irish regiments are to travel all the way to England or Scotland; and English corps have to be sent to Ireland in the event of mobilisation, it would seem as if there were very little improvement upon the plan that has been enforced hitherto in the British Army—that of telling off regiments to their respective brigades, after the occasion arises for an army being called together. Moreover, to the Edinburgh artisan, or to the Leeds mechanic, having to go to the Curragh is equivalent to foreign service, and would be quite as much disliked. Nor should we forget that, in all probability, if there ever is reason for a mobilisation of the forces, it would not be partial, but universal throughout the empire.

The strength of a British army corps, when mobilised, is supposed to be about twenty-five thousand men. This includes one brigade of cavalry, consisting of three regular and two yeomanry regiments; three divisions of infantry, each division comprising two brigades, and each brigade composed of three regular, or militia, battalions, besides thirteen or fourteen batteries of foot and two or three troops of horse artillery, with a troop of engineers for pontoons, one for tele-



graphic work, and a company of the same corps for field work.

Apart from the mobilisation of our active army, there is what is called the mobilisation of the garrison army. This is divided into several garrisons—namely: Portsmouth, Plymouth, Portland, Dover, Chatham, Harwich, Pembroke, Edinburgh, Cork, Dublin, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and lastly, one which is called the small forts and ports of Ireland. Each garrison has on its staff a general officer commanding, with general officers, or colonels of artillery, and engineers under him, besides the regular complement of other staff officers. It is in this garrison army, as it is called, that the greater number of militia corps, both infantry and artillery, are embodied. Let us take, for instance, the garrison of Plymouth, which includes Staddon, Bovisand, Breakwater, Malree, and Whitsand Bay Works. The troops mobilised for this garrison are composed of a single battalion of regular infantry; five batteries of royal artillery; two companies of royal engineers; six regiments of militia artillery; detachments of six corps of volunteer infantry; four corps of volunteer artillery; two of volunteer engineers; and four corps of army pensioners. Against such a composition for a garrison, no objection can be waged. On the contrary, nothing could be more sensible than the employment of volunteers for the defence of important posts like those of our different garrisons, leaving the regular infantry of the line for work in the field.

Here again, however, the difficulty which we noted in connection with the mobilisation of the eight army corps is observable. For instance, the militia infantry detailed for the defence of Portsmouth consist of the Hampshire, the North Tipperary, and the Aberdeen regiments. Why the two latter should be brought, the one from the West of Ireland and the other from the North of Scotland, or why the Edinburgh regiment of militia artillery should form part of the Dublin garrison, it is difficult to imagine. It is true that in this mobilisation of the garrison army there are very few similar anomalies to be noted, but those which do exist are so many more than ought to be at all. Taken as a whole, the distribution of troops in the mobilisation of this portion of the army is very effective, and in every way, save the particular we have mentioned, to be commended. In the event

of an invasion there would be a place for every militiaman and every volunteer in the kingdom. Nothing would be left to chance; every corps, and every man composing each corps, would know where his post would be in the hour of danger. The work of detailing so many regiments, batteries, brigades, and divisions in the mobilisation both of the active and garrison army must have been one of no small labour, and that it has been most creditably performed there can hardly be two opinions. It is not perfect—few things in this world are—but it certainly utilises, at any rate in theory, every man bearing arms, whether belonging to the regulars, the militia, or the volunteers, in the United Kingdom.

There is a third organisation which, although not yet complete, is very nearly so; and which would add greatly to our defensive strength throughout the kingdom. We mean the "local brigades," as they are called, which are composed exclusively of volunteers, and are numbered from one to twenty-six, leaving from ten to fifteen to be still embodied. The staff of these local brigades consist of a commandant, an artillery and an engineer officer; and the number of corps which compose them vary from two to six, according to the strength of the respective regiments. Thus, Local Brigade Number One has its headquarters at Holt, and is composed of the Second Norfolk Artillery Volunteer Corps at Norwich, and of the Third Norfolk Rifle Volunteer Corps at Dereham. The Second Local Brigade has its headquarters at Walsham, and is composed of two batteries of the Norfolk Artillery Militia at Yarmouth, and the First and the Fourth Norfolk Rifle Volunteer Corps at Norwich. And so on throughout the whole list of these local brigades.

There could hardly be a more curious study for those who like to measure the present by the past, than a comparison between what our army is, and how it is organised now, and what it was in 1854, when we "drifted" into the Crimean War. In those days we had no volunteers; our militia was composed chiefly of men who were not fit for the regular army, and was officered by gentlemen who had no intention of ever joining the regulars, and who were mostly too old to be fit for active service. Of mobilisation we had none whatever, either for our active or for our garrison army. Even in our regular troops, the only test either for the appoint-

ment, or the promotion, of officers was the possession of a certain sum of money. We have changed all this; and have certainly changed it for the better. Officers now enter the army with the same intention that men are called to the Bar, or study medicine, or go into the Church—they become soldiers because they wish to join the profession of arms. Our regular army—cavalry, infantry, and artillery—is, in every sense of the word, far more efficient than it was even a few years ago, and is gaining, not losing, in this respect every day. Our militia force would do credit to any army in the world, and our volunteers are the wonder of all foreigners who see them. About a year ago the present writer happened, when walking up Westbourne Terrace, to meet a volunteer corps on its way to Hyde Park for the usual Saturday afternoon exercise. He was in company with a French officer who had seen not a little service in different parts of the world, and who knows what soldiers ought to be. The Frenchman asked what regiment it was, and when told it was a volunteer corps would not believe his informant, but offered to bet that it was a rifle corps of the regular army. It was only by going into a shop in one of the neighbouring streets, and putting the same question to the shopman, that he could be made to believe a volunteer regiment could look so smart and move so well.

But no matter how individually excellent our regulars, or militia, or volunteers may be, the most soldierlike qualifications would be of no avail without a proper and regular scheme of mobilisation, by which, as orderly housekeepers say, there is a place for everything and everything can be put in its place. This scheme, or plan, we have now got. It may have yet to be made perfect, but so far as it goes it is excellent; and, as we said before, an immense improvement upon the muddle and utter want of organisation of former days. Let us only hope that we may never have to put the plan to the test.

#### MISS JOSEY'S ROMANCE.

WE were sitting together, my aunt and I, in the pleasant twilight of an April evening. It was too dark to see to work, but hardly dark enough for candles. Outside a faint rosy reflection lingered in the sky. Inside we still cherished the fire, as a friend from whom we were loath to part,

The kettle was singing on the hob, the crumpets were mutely asking to be toasted, but the orthodox hour for tea had not yet arrived. My aunt glanced up at the clock and gave a little sigh. "That fish we had to dinner was very salt." I thought so too, and wished the clock would move its fingers a little faster.

Suddenly there came three slow distinct raps at the door. My aunt gave quite a start. The stocking she had been knitting fell to the ground. "Bless us all! who's gone now?" she said with an unwonted quaver in her voice.

Martha being out of the way I went to the door. A tall man dressed in black was standing in the porch. Speaking in a deep automatic voice, he said: "You are respectfully bidden to the funeral of the late Mistress Josephine Orris of Crag End."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" interjected my aunt.

"Who died on Monday morning last," went on the man in black. "The body will be lifted on Saturday next at two o'clock in the afternoon." Without another word he turned on his heel and went. Half a minute later we heard him rapping at some other door a little distance away.

"And I never even heard that she was ill!" said my aunt, as I went back to my chair. "How dreadfully sudden it must have been." Then she cried softly to herself for a little while. We did not light the candles that evening till long after dark.

"She must have been eighty if she was a day," said my aunt after a time. "And it's not more than three months since the major died. Well, there was never a more loving couple, and no doubt it's for the best that she should not be long after him."

That custom of bidding to funerals has gone out in St. Clement's\* years ago, as I suppose it has in other places. I never remember to have seen a hearse there when I was a girl. The dead were always carried to the grave on the shoulders of bearers, the mourners walking two and two behind. I attended several funerals there in my time. Seed-cake and wine were generally provided at such times, and occasionally viands of a more substantial kind. But whatever else might be there or not there, it was considered necessary

\* ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, Vol. 17, p. 421, January 13, 1877, "The Poor Gentlewomen of St. Clement's."

to have one, and sometimes two, large tankards of hot spiced ale for the behoof of the mourners. A lemon stuck with cloves always floated on the top of the ale. As soon as the body was lifted, and that slow dreadful journey downstairs began, which most of us have heard with such woful sinking of the heart, the door of the room in which the mourners were assembled was shut, and the tankard was handed round, beginning with the chief mourner, as though it were a species of loving cup. It was looked upon as disrespectful to the deceased if you did not at least touch the rim with your lips; but whatever the ladies might do, the gentlemen present generally did much more than that.

"What I am about to tell you," began my aunt, "happened many years before I became an inmate of the Endowment, or indeed had any thought that in my old age I should be glad of such an asylum. I was living at that time with your great-aunt Charity, and a frequent visitor at her house was a certain Miss Josephine Dunne—Miss Josey, as she was familiarly called, being liked by all of us both young and old. She had been elected into the Endowment about two years before I first saw her. She lived in the cottage that is now Miss Whincop's, and there your great-aunt and I used to visit her once a month and drink tea with her. She must have been quite fifty-five at that time, but was wonderfully well preserved and fresh-looking for her age. Never has the Endowment sheltered within its precincts a sweeter-tempered or a kinder-hearted gentlewoman than dear Miss Josey.

"Her only relative, so far as I ever heard, was a brother some five or six years older than herself, who was known to everybody in St. Clement's as Old Sammy Dunne, and not unfrequently by the more unenviable nickname of Old Flint and Steel. An attorney by profession, he had long ago abandoned the law for the more congenial and profitable business of money-lending. Reputed to be what in our small way would be called enormously rich, he still lived in the little dark house in a little dark bye-street that he had inhabited for thirty years. Being a bachelor, and so well-to-do, people sometimes wondered why he did not have Miss Josey to keep house for him, instead of allowing her to become an inmate of the Endowment for Poor Gentlewomen. But if anybody hinted at such a thing in Miss Josey's

presence, a little spot of red would come into each of her cheeks, and then after a moment or two she would say smilingly: 'Samuel and I never could agree when we were boy and girl at home, so that I am quite sure we could not agree now. For my part, I always think that relations are better apart.'

"He doesn't give her the value of a silver sixpence from one year's end to another,' your great-aunt would sometimes say; 'and mark my words, he won't leave her the value of a silver sixpence when he's dead—and yet I daresay the man expects to go to heaven when he dies.'

"It was indeed a shame, for Miss Josey was very badly off at times. Occasionally I have known her to have nothing but bread and cheese for dinner, for three or four days at a time. Often, when we had something specially nice at home, Aunt Charity would send a plate of it, with her love, to Miss Josey; besides which, many a little packet of tea and pat of butter found their way into her cupboard, so that our consciences did not prick us when we called upon her and drank tea out of her delicate egg-shell china, and munched a couple of pieces of bread-and-butter not much thicker than wafers. But, poor as Miss Josey might be, nobody ever heard a murmur from her lips, and she was never without a black silk gown for visiting or receiving company in.

"One afternoon—how well I remember it—when I called on Miss Josey, I found her on the point of going out. She was going as far as Dixon's on the Pavement to match some wools. I turned and walked with her. We had got what we wanted, and were just stepping out of the shop, when a gentleman nearly ran against us, or we nearly ran against him, I am not sure which. He was a tall military-looking man, with iron-grey hair and short whiskers, who carried his head as though he still wore the regulation army stock. He was closely buttoned up, and carried a thick silver-mounted malacca under his arm. Both he and Miss Josey started back. Then the gentleman bowed and was about to pass on. But in one moment, and with his finger and thumb still holding the brim of his hat, he became as it were transfixed. He stood and stared as a man might do who sees a ghost—not that I altogether believe there are such things, my dear. I turned my eyes on Miss Josey. To my astonishment, she also looked as if a ghost had risen at her feet. Every particle of



colour had fled from her cheeks, while her eyes evidently saw nothing but the face before her. Surprise, incredulity, doubt, joy—I could read them all, or fancied that I could, in her varying expressions. While one might count a dozen they stood speechless, staring straight into each other's eyes. 'Is it you—Philip—Major Orris?' gasped Miss Josey at length. 'Or are you a stranger?'

"I am Philip Orris, true enough, and you are—Josephine Dunne!"

"Yes, I am still Josephine Dunne," she said with a wan smile. Then in a moment her eyes grew moist. 'It was thirty-five years, on the 8th of August, since we parted last, but—but I think I should have known you anywhere again.' Her voice had an odd little tremor in it. I was afraid that she was going to break down.

"The major had hold of her hand by this time. He held it in both of his. 'Ah—we are both changed,' he said with a little sigh. 'Everything seems changed but your eyes, Josephine. Them I should have known anywhere and always.'

"Miss Josey blushed. 'You used to praise my eyes long ago,' she said in a low voice, 'but now I cannot see well without spectacles.'

"To me they were the most beautiful eyes in the world," said the major gallantly, ignoring the spectacles. 'What a strange fatality is that which has brought us together to-day! I am here but for a few hours, and I meet—you!'

"You have left the army, have you not?"

"Yes, I was invalided two years ago on half-pay. That confounded Indian climate nearly finished me off.'

"Your name was mentioned in the despatches more than once.'

"Ah, you found that out, did you? They spoke of me far more highly than I deserved.'

"Miss Josey shook her head. 'I am sure they would not do that,' she said.

"I am down in the old neighbourhood for a couple of weeks," said the major. 'I am staying with my friend, Squire Tattam, at Wing Hall, but this is the first time I have set foot in St. Clement's since—since you know when. And you?'

"Again Miss Josey blushed. 'All my relations are dead except my brother. I have found a home for the rest of my days in the Endowment for Poor Gentlewomen.'

"At this moment, a friend whom I wanted to see came out of the shop, so I left Miss Josey and the major together.

Three minutes later Miss Josey rejoined me. 'You must really forgive me for not introducing you,' she said, 'but I was so flurried that I hardly knew what I was about. I wish he had not seen me in my spectacles,' she added plaintively.

"Major Orris!" said my Aunt Charity, when I told her whom we had met. 'Why he was Miss Josey's sweetheart, ever so many years ago—the first and last, I truly believe.' Then she told me how, when Miss Josey was a young beauty of nineteen, the major, at that time a dashing ensign in a marching regiment, had met her at a ball, had fallen in love with her, and had sought permission from her father to make her his wife. But the ensign was poor, and old Mr. Dunne, although he afterwards fell into difficulties, was rich, and the lovers were forbidden to see or write to each other again. Young Orris, however, was a bold and ardent wooer, and he succeeded in seeing Miss Josey again and again. At length he wrung from her a promise to elope with him to Gretna Green. Everything was arranged, and in the dusk of an August evening, Miss Josey stole away from home and joined her lover at the corner of Langley Copse, where a carriage and pair was in waiting. Five minutes later they were on their way to the Border. By some means or other, however, Josey's brother Samuel became aware of the plot, and succeeded in bribing the post-boy, who was to have driven the lovers on the first stage of their journey, into allowing him to take his place. He must have muffled himself up in some way or other, for neither the ensign nor Josey recognised him. After driving northward for about five miles, Master Samuel quietly turned the horses' heads into a cross road that led back to St. Clement's, and before either of the runagates were aware of the trick that was being played them, the carriage drew up at the door of Mr. Dunne's house, and Mr. Dunne himself handed his daughter out, and made some remarks the reverse of complimentary to the discomfited young soldier. The end of the escapade was that Miss Josey was relegated to the care of an aunt in Devonshire, and that Ensign Orris exchanged into a regiment that was on the point of sailing for India. They never saw each other again till they met by accident that afternoon at St. Clement's.

"We had news of the major two or three times during the fortnight that

followed the meeting. We heard of his being in St. Clement's more than once, and it was even whispered that he and Miss Josey had been seen walking together in the dusk of evening in the Abbey Meadows; but when it comes to a question of identity, people are liable to make strange mistakes.

"Time went on, and we heard no more of Major Orris. Miss Josey never mentioned his name, and, in view of her reticence, my aunt and I took care to follow her example. One day, about a year after the meeting on the Pavement, Miss Josey burst into my aunt's room in an abrupt way that was very unusual with her. She was evidently brimming over with excitement. 'What do you think?' she said. 'You would never guess the news I have to tell you. Major Orris, through the death of a relative, has come into quite a large fortune. His sisters too, Carry and Gertrude, are to have five thousand pounds apiece. They are like me, you know; neither of them has ever been married, and it seems that Philip—I mean Major Orris—has had to keep them as well as himself out of his half-pay. Poor fellow! what a struggle it must have been to keep up appearances at all.' Of course, we were all very glad to hear of the major's good fortune. We took tea that very afternoon at Miss Josey's, and she bought herself a new cap in honour of the occasion.

"About a month afterwards, Aunt Charity said to me one evening when she came in from shopping: 'What do you think one of the assistants at Maddison's told me this afternoon as a little secret? Why, that Miss Josey has bought herself a new dove-coloured silk dress! Now, what can she want with a dove-coloured silk? I have never seen her in anything but black these dozen years. And—it's no business of mine, of course—how has she been able to afford it? She must have been saving up for years.'

"For the next two or three Sundays we took care not to miss meeting Miss Josey at morning service. But there was no change in her attire. She still wore the black silk, old and faded now, that she had worn for the past five years. I could see that Aunt Charity was puzzled. 'I hate mysteries,' she said, 'and there's one here.'

"The mystery was not destined to be of very long duration. It was elucidated in quite a sudden and unexpected manner. The news came on us like a thunderbolt.

Miss Josey and Major Orris had eloped—had actually gone off in a chaise and pair to Gretna Green!

"Aunt Charity began to cry when the news was told her—why, I'm sure I don't know. I laughed, and was rebuked for my levity. 'At her time of life too!' said my aunt. 'Surely, she doesn't fancy that she's a young girl after all these years. And she might have been married comfortably and respectably in her own parish church, and we could all have had a good view of the ceremony. I knew there was a mystery about that dove-coloured silk.'

"What will the other Poor Gentlemen say and think?' I ventured to ask. 'I'll be bound to say, such a thing was never known in the Endowment before,' said my aunt. She might have added, 'and never will be again.' What a flutter, what a commotion there was inside the old walls! Miss Delancey wore cherry-coloured ribbons in her bonnet for six months afterwards, and took to ogling the elderly beaux when she walked out of an afternoon, as she had ogled the young ones thirty years before.

"But to go back. Hardly had we had time to familiarise ourselves with one astounding piece of news before another was, so to speak, thrown at our heads. Mr. Samuel Dunne, as soon as the news of his sister's escapade reached his ears, ordered another chaise and pair, and started helter-skelter after the fugitives, vowing that if it were in the power of man to do so, he would stop the wedding. 'A meddling old fool,' was your great-aunt's comment. 'He ought to know that he has no power to stop the wedding. I'm glad now that Miss Josey has never been beholden to him for a penny of his ill-gotten brass, and I hope with all my heart that he will be too late to interfere.'

"We all hoped the same thing. We had been considerably shocked and somewhat scandalised by the news of Miss Josey's flight, but now that we knew her brother was in pursuit of her, all our sympathies veered round to her at once. We forgot that she and her lover were two grey-haired people, we overlooked the absurdity of the whole affair, in our burning desire that Samuel Dunne should be balked in his attempt to spoil for the second time the happiness of a sister, to whom he had never behaved as a brother should behave.

"He was balked, but in a way that neither he nor any of us had dreamt of. Three weeks after he started in pursuit

of his sister, his body was brought back to St. Clement's, and laid in the family vault beside his father and mother. Miss Josey, as it always comes natural to me to call her, and her husband were the only mourners. It was their first appearance in St. Clement's since their wedding, and it was their last for some time. They called on no one, and left the town as soon as the dead man's will had been read. Your great-aunt was not far out in her prediction. The thousands were all left to London charities—not a penny to any local ones—and three paltry hundreds to his sister. Happily, our dear Miss Josey was now beyond the need of his money.

"We neither saw nor heard anything of her for quite three months. Then, one afternoon, a messenger brought a note. It was written from the King's Arms Hotel, and was an invitation for your great-aunt and me to go there and drink tea with Miss Josey. 'We shall hear all about it at last,' said your great-aunt. 'She must be dying to talk to somebody that she knows. She'll get the major out of the way for this afternoon, you see if she don't.' The major was certainly not there. We were told that he was gone to look after some property which he thought of buying. As for dear Miss Josey, she was not one bit altered, though her mourning made her look a little strange at first. We all cried a little at that first meeting, as was but natural; but as soon as we grew more composed, Miss Josey was full of eager questionings about old friends and acquaintances—more particularly about the Poor Gentlewomen of the Endowment. Little by little the particulars of her marriage came out, and that without any prying on our part. One thing we did not learn—why it was that the major and his bride had chosen to go all the way to Gretna Green, instead of having the banns read out at St. Clement's. 'Of course, the major must have proposed it,' said your great-aunt, 'and Miss Josey hadn't the heart to say no.'

"'It was only a fit and proper ending to the romance begun thirty-five years ago,' I said. 'I like the major all the better for it.'

"'Romance!' quoth your great-aunt, with a toss of her cap-strings. 'What have people at their time of life to do with romance? There are no fools like old ones.'

"I could have kissed Miss Josey when she told me how, when the major wanted

to measure her finger for the wedding-ring, she drew from round her neck the ribbon on which hung the ring he had bought her so many years before. Day and night it had never left her all that time.

"'It was perhaps foolish vanity on my part,' said Miss Josey, with a smile, 'but all that first week I never wore my spectacles once. A bride in spectacles, you know! It was Philip who insisted on my taking to them again. You know how lost I am without them—and really it seemed like coming back to an old and dear friend, to feel them perched on my nose again.'

"It would appear that the major and his bride had got more than halfway on their journey to the Border, before they had the least intimation that anyone was following them. They were overtaken by another postchaise containing a couple in a greater hurry than they were, the postilion of which told their postilion that a little lame old gentleman, with fierce black eyes, was only twenty miles behind, and was vowing what he would do when he should overtake them. Miss Josey at once recognised the portrait of her brother. The major pushed on at a quicker rate than heretofore; for although Samuel Dunne had no legal control over his sister, it was just as well to get the wedding over as quickly as possible, after which any interference on his part would be worse than useless. At the next posting-house at which they stopped the major engaged all the spare horses in the place, and took them on with him; so that when Mr. Dunne reached there, he was necessarily delayed for some hours for want of the means of getting forward. The fugitives had been married six hours, when he burst into their sitting-room. He was a very passionate man, and he said many cruel and unjust things. At length the major's patience became exhausted. He rang the bell and ordered the servant to show Mr. Dunne the door. The old man took up his hat, and turned and shook his clenched fist in the major's face. What he intended to say remained unsaid for ever. Next moment a terrible change came over his face, his hat dropped from his nerveless fingers, he tottered as he stood, and would have fallen had not the major caught him in his arms. He had been stricken with death. For a fortnight he lay speechless and helpless. Night and day Miss Josey nursed him. He only



spoke once, a little while before he died. 'All a mistake, Josey; all a mistake,' he whispered. She kissed him and he smiled, and for a moment the major saw what he had never seen before—a likeness between the brother and sister.

"And all this happened more than twenty years ago," said my aunt in conclusion; "though, to look back, it only seems like twenty weeks. Well, if ever there was a happy couple in this world it was the major and his wife. It is only three months since he died, and to-morrow my dear old friend will be laid by his side. So are the links that bind us to this life broken one by one."

#### INTERVIEWING EXTRAORDINARY.

SIGNS are not wanting of a desire to naturalise the nuisance here, but "interviewing" is not yet held to come within the regular duty of a newspaper reporter. In America it is otherwise. There, nobody who is supposed to have a story to tell, is safe.

A New York paper informs its readers that the son of Mayor Overstolz has eloped with an actress a few years his senior, and taken her to Buffalo. A reporter of the Buffalo Express immediately sets about hunting the lady up, and finds her sitting quietly at home, attired in a becoming *négligé*, studying a new part. He explains the reason of his coming, and the actress declares the story is an infamous lie. Then with justifiable indignation she says: "A few years his senior? I suppose that means I am older than he is?" "That's the idea," her visitor admits. "Well," returns the lady, "that's another falsehood; I am eighteen and he is twenty-six. It makes me feel bad to have my name mentioned that way, but in justice to myself, I can only say I certainly would not marry him. I am sorry for him too, for he is a perfect gentleman."

Another reporter introduced himself to a pleasant-faced, sun-browned lady, who in her unassuming personality represents the only female rival to Boyton, Sydney Cook, and other famous professional divers of the century, and was gratified to hear that Mrs. Consadine would detail her strange experiences with pleasure. Originally stewardess of a steamship, on board which her husband served as head-waiter, she had gone with him to Mexico upon his

entering the service of a pearl-fishing company as diver. Watching her husband and his mates at their work, she fancied she would like to share their labours. Her first experiment was made in shallow water, and she came up bleeding at the nostrils, mouth and ears, and fainted upon reaching the surface. Nothing daunted, she tried it again and again, until she found herself able to remain under water as long as any of the men. In 1874, Mr. Consadine was suffocated through the breaking of his air-supplying tube, and his widow succeeded to the vacancy. Physically, her sex proved no hindrance, but the people at the fisheries were loath to employ her, and she would have had to give up her strange calling but for a Captain Hartley, who gave her a job on the schooner *Gaviota*, a vessel carrying smuggled silver, which had sunk on a sandbank, eighteen miles from the shore, in seventy-five feet of water. The adventurous woman found her task so unpleasant, that she was inclined to relinquish it after once going down; but nettled by the way the men sneered at her on account of her sex, she persevered until the last cask of dollars was brought up.

That she held out to the end says much for Mrs. Consadine's courage. One day, Pablo Vasquez, a first-rate diver, went down to put a torpedo in position to blow up the schooner's deck. Before he had come up again, the man in charge of the battery exploded the torpedo, and Pablo was killed. On another occasion she was down at the bottom, when the Mexicans attacked the Americans, and the man in charge of the air-pump had to leave his post to defend himself. Of course there was a sudden stoppage of the air supply. She felt a frightful sense of oppression at the chest, there was a thunderous roaring in her ears, and a hot shiver ran through her body. Luckily the man at the signal-line was still at his place, and answered her call; bringing her to the surface nearly dead, her face all black and blood-stained. Another two minutes under water would have killed her; as it was, she was incapacitated for work for a couple of days. No wonder that, brave as she had proved herself to be, the feminine diver, when asked if she intended to follow the perilous calling any longer, shook her head significantly as she replied: "No more of it for me."

Having discovered that there were in New York some half-a-dozen traders in superfluous wedding-gifts—one dealing

only in china, another in silver and plated ware, and so on—an inquisitive reporter, anxious to enlighten the public respecting this unsuspected traffic in hymeneal offerings, interviewed the proprietor of a large store, devoted ostensibly to the sale of unredeemed pledges, which were in reality bridal presents of jewellery and trinkets for which the recipients had no use. One bride, for example, as the dealer explained, received eight opera-glasses from as many friends; of course, she did not want them all, and five of them found their way into his store. When a marriage between two rich young people comes off, a list of the wedding presents is pretty sure to be given to the newspapers. "I don't go to them," said the shrewd snapper-up of unconsidered trifles—"I don't go to them as soon as they are married. They would kick you out of the house, if you went there on such an errand in the first few weeks. You have to let them settle down to house-keeping, and find out for themselves how much useless stuff they have got about them; and even then the wife generally objects to sell; but after you have seen them two or three times they fall in with the idea, and are willing to sell what they do not want. Of course, I get the things pretty cheaply; young married people seldom know the value of the presents they receive, and besides, they have cost them nothing, so it is all profit to them."

An Irish-born citizen of San Francisco, known to be a lucky speculator in mining stock, was one day caught in a communicative mood by a newspaper-man who wanted to know the secret of his means. "Och, it's a fine thing," said he, "to dale in stocks whin you know you're right. I git all my points from Flood. Misther Flood's a friend o' mine. I make all my money through him. A few days agone I wint to him and sez I: 'Misther Flood, would I be best buyin' a few shares of Savage? It's going chape, an' maybe but it'll git out of my rache soon.' Me friend Flood looked up from his writin'—he was signing a cheque for an orphan asylum—and sez he to me, shakin' his big head: 'Don't touch it; devil a thing is there in the mine but wather, an' it might hurt ye,' sez he. Then I wint and tuck seven hundred shares: it was going at seventeen dollars. Betimes, it rose to twenty-two, and I wint to his office. He was glad to see me. He was spakin' to his clerk about kaping the assessments from getting mixed with the dividends, but he kindly stopped, and gave me a nod

and a wink. 'Good-mornin', Misther Flood,' sez I. 'Savage is a square stock, it's lapin' about like a dog wid a male o' poison. Wouldn't I best sell a trifle o' it short?' He looked kindly at me and sez he: 'Lave it alone for awhile; it's risin' like a full moon, widout signs o' stoppin', and I couldn't advise ye to sell.' Thin I wint and sold me Savage at the profit of three thousand six hundred dollars. I git all me points from me friend Flood; but don't go talkin' about it. He might change his system and break me."

Our lady readers will be shocked to learn that there lives a man with a soul so dead, as to glory in having extracted from a hundred and forty-three engaged lovers how their sweethearts behaved when put to the momentous question. A hundred and forty stoutly maintained that the hundred and forty single ladies involved had not said a single word, each and all significantly remarking: "Actions speak louder than words." Two of the remaining gentlemen asseverated that when they proposed, the bewitching maidens respectively murmured: "Oh, John! you don't mean it! This is too much happiness! too much! I never thought you loved me! It's yes, yes; I've loved you, oh, so long, and now to be so happy, so blest!" These young men both confessed they would rather the young ladies had not been so talkative about the matter just at that time. The last of the hundred and forty-three happy lovers said he had not gone through more than a quarter of a very carefully-prepared proposition, before the girl—a blonde, weighing some hundred and seventy pounds—arose, threw herself heavily on his lap, vigorously wound her arms around his neck, and cried: "You bet I'll have you, Henry! I've been waiting to hear you say that for six months. Why didn't you say it long ago, you stupid old man? There! (A kiss.) You're mine! (Another kiss.) All mine! (Two kisses.) And nobody else will ever get you! (Accompaniment ad libitum.) And see here; if ever you go back upon me, and won't marry me, I'll make it unhealthy for you, you bet! I'm none of your soft, spring-chicken-hearted gicls." His confession ended, the engaged one enquired: "Don't you think, for the occasion, she was rather boisterous?" and was answered: "Rather so; but, for your own sake, don't go back on her!"

To the New World—we should say to the Old World—we are indebted for the invention of spiritualism, as unprofitable

an invention hitherto as ever was devised, although some of its professors may have made a pretty good thing out of it. But there is promise of this reproach being removed, for one spirit has occupied itself in doing real service to somebody: the highly-favoured somebody being Mr. William Babcock, market-gardener, of East New York, whose twin-brother Charles has even, since his death, some six years ago, waited upon Mr. B. in a materialised form. He was at his side when the reporter of *The Sunday Mercury* sought him among his cabbages, although that worthy failed to catch a glimpse of the defunct one, from not being possessed of the right kind of perceptive power. Mr. Babcock was busy, putting cabbage-heads into a large basket and emptying them therefrom into a waggon. "My brother," said he, "is going to help me lift the basket." Then he took hold of the basket, and told his brother to take it easy, and poured the cabbages into the waggon. Charles, he averred, always sat by his side as he drove to market, and, being very shrewd, aided him in bargaining. A little while ago he thought of buying a small farm adjoining his own, but the spirit told him there was something wrong about the title. Another man bought the farm and was badly cheated. There was a time when cabbages were a drug in the New York market. The spirit-brother went to New York, ascertained the state of things, and reported to Mr. Babcock, who was thus saved from making an unprofitable journey. "Did the spirit talk with the market-men?" enquired the reporter. "Oh no," was the reply; "the market-men cannot talk with the spirit, but the spirit can look into their minds, and ascertain the prices of the various kinds of produce."

Twenty years ago a man had to visit Noble county, Ohio, to gather up a drove of horses and cattle for the Baltimore market. One evening, as it was growing dark, he left Whigsville to go to Sarahsville, four miles beyond. He was never seen again. Last September a young lady of eighteen years, living near Whigsville, dreamed a dream, and was soon afterwards interviewed regarding it; and this is what she said: "It seemed to me that I was in a place familiar to me, though, on account of the great darkness, I could not distinguish any landmarks. Presently the lightning began to flash, and the thunder to roar, and between the flashes I began to see where I was. I knew it was the portion of the road about a mile from

Sarahsville towards Whigsville. I was walking along, but at length I sat down, and something seemed to say: 'Wait and see what will happen.' I did so, and almost immediately I beheld a man, a stranger to me, riding up the hillside. He seemed in great haste. Almost immediately I saw another man emerge from the darkness of the fence-corner opposite, and, with a heavy bludgeon in his hands, he ran up behind the man on horseback and dealt him a terrible blow on the head. There was a fall, a groan, and then I seemed to awake, although I did not; that was simply a part of my dream. When I next looked, the murderer was concealing the body of the dead man in a huge hollow tree. He next took the money from the saddle-bags and placed it in a large bag of his own, and taking the saddle from the horse, turned him loose; and after digging a hole in the ground, put the saddle therein and covered it over with leaves and brush. Then he started away. As he did so, a flash of lightning shone full upon his face, revealing William Styles, my father! I screamed in reality, and awoke."

The unhappy dreamer further deposed that she went to the spot she had seen in her vision, dug among the rotten weeds, and came upon a skeleton. She was too horrified to pursue her investigation herself, but told some of the people of the strange matter, and they discovered the stirrups and buckles belonging to the buried saddle. Filled with wonder at what he had heard, the interviewer went in quest of farther information. He found that the dead man's bones had been interred in the graveyard, and, at the harness-maker's, saw a stirrup and two buckles, eaten with rust. Of Mr. Styles, he was told that he had been noted, far and wide, for his cowardice. He could hardly be persuaded to go outside his own door at night; and, if a storm came on, betook himself to the cellar. In consequence of his daughter's dream, the good folks of the town rather suspect Mr. S. had good reasons for his fears; "but," says the cautious relater of the story, "as he is dead already, no criminal prosecution will probably be begun against him at present."

Journalists eager in pursuit of knowledge do not always find those they propose to "pump" so ready to submit to the operation, perhaps for the reason that impelled a convicted murderer to stipulate that what he said should be put down exactly as he said it, because "you reporters always



stretch things to an uncommon size." The insulted man pocketed the affront, and got what he wanted—a result not achieved by his brother-scribe, who went to Mount Carmel, soon after that place had been swept pretty clean by a tornado, armed with a portentous list of questions. Accosting a citizen, whose property "had been dispersed over several congressional districts," he asked him from what direction the tornado approached, its rate of velocity, its shape, whether the current of cloud revolved in the same direction as the hands of a watch, and divers other questions of a similar character. When he had finished, the citizen of Mount Carmel gazed upon him for a few moments, spat upon his hands, pulled off his coat, and said: "Stranger, if you had been sitting on your front stoop, and suddenly seen a brazen, fiery whirlwind scoting along like a fast mail-train a year behind its time, and the next thing you knew was, that your wife was sailing over the Presbyterian church, while your house had taken to itself wings, and flown to the uttermost parts of the earth, you wouldn't be such an irretrievable idiot as to go and ask whether things flew around from right to left, or vice versa." Then he fell upon that collector of scientific information for the people; and when that bemaused representative of a free press reached his home again, his wife, as she looked upon the wreck, exclaimed: "Oh, Eliakim, there has been another tornado, and you have got caught in it!"

## STRANGE WATERS.

BY R. E. FRANÇILLON,

AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA," "PEARL AND EMERALD," &c. &c.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER VI. A LITTLE RIFT.

So, at last, Celia, in spite of herself, had developed into a *prima donna*—nay, into the open and declared rival of the great Clari herself, with all her memories of that concert at Deepweald, exaggerated by distance of time, to drag her down. Assuredly every road leads not only to Rome, but to everywhere. Noëmi Baruc from the Ghetto, Celia from the Cathedral Close; the born queen and the born nobody; the open enemy of art and its docile slave, were pitted against one another in a formal contest, which seemed likely to become one of the fifteen thousand decisive battles of the operatic world.

There was little going on that season to

distract the attention of musical people from their proper topics. People may think that these are not very large, and indeed scarcely a sufficient cause for much excitement among men and women who, having ears, must necessarily have heads; and, having heads, must be presumed to have something more than emptiness inside them. But facts have nothing to do with reasons. It is quite possible to go through life without taking the faintest interest in Wagnerism, or spiritualism, or the spelling reform; but if the foot once crosses the threshold of one or the other, in goes the whole man, body and soul, and there is no help for him. So may an Earl of Quorne regard the whole universe as contained in a prize cucumber, and his countess look upon a duel between *prime donne* as a veritable Armageddon. Where a countess leads, at least a hundred will follow; and a hundred people are quite enough to constitute a world. And so it may be said that the eyes of the world were upon Celia—of all women in the world.

A great deal had happened, more than can be told in any number of volumes fewer than four, since she and the dream of her heart had finally been laid upon that all-devouring altar of destiny called Cleopatra. But Celia herself would have found one word more than enough wherein to tell it all—to her, it was not a history; it was a hurricane. She had never had much scope for the exercise of free will; now, she had none. The spirit of her father, intensified by a lifetime of suppression and concentration, fairly rushed out to meet the coming triumph halfway; it swept away with it Prosper like a heap of dust, Lady Quorne like a bundle of feathers, Celia like a single straw. How, she neither knew nor asked; it was not in her philosophy to speculate over the masterfulness of a great spirit on the rebound, and of its intense directness of course and singleness of aim over the atmosphere of frivolity and knavery in which it had to expand. A triton among minnows is but a poor simile for Andrew Gordon among Prosper and Lady Quornes. He even hurled earnestness into the green-room and enthusiasm into the drawing-room, and gained for his fierce and narrow personality the sympathy that only comes from power. One can only dash in the large results of his influence, which cut through details and threw them aside right and left like wooden splinters before a round saw worked by steam. Much might be learned of it from the talk at rehearsals, where the

deaf man came daily and mesmerised the conductor's bâton with his dull and deep-set eyes. But all could only be learned by the absence of talk, which meant the presence of action. Somehow the most callous chorus-singer seemed to feel that the Cleopatra meant something more than an extra drill—and more than that no chorus-singer could be expected to feel. Prosper had managed Clari by stooping to conquer; he could not manage this new master at all. But he was amply content to feel that the triumph of Cleopatra was foregone. There was more than the common interest attaching to the re-appearance of a famous composer, after a sullen retirement which had for so long made him dead except in the world of memories. That was much; but Andrew Gordon had come back to life, not only with the prestige of a ghost, but with the energy of a demon.

How should a girl's dream stand in the way of a strong man's will? It was incredible, and it seemed too impossible to be worth regarding. Celia seemed to see the poor little white wings of the bird that had come to sing in her heart swept away helplessly in the whirlwind; she might strain her eyes after it with longing, but there was no moment for reaching out her hands to keep it back—it was gone. Her father could see nothing but Cleopatra, and had forgotten his desperate lapse into mere human sympathy as if it had never been, and as a healthy man forgets a disease. Since the Score had been gathered up again from its four corners, all the days had rushed by as if they had been only one day of chaos—if chaos has anything to do with days. They had left Saragossa Row. Had Celia ever lived there, except in a dream? Walter had vanished. Then she had found herself a guest of Lady Quorne; and she had scarcely breathing-time enough for it to go to her heart that her father, even for Cleopatra's sake, could so readily let her go so entirely out of his days. Was she his child after all? Or only a wheel in some inexorable machine, of which the sole purpose was to turn out the Cleopatra, and then to break up and be done with for good and all? She, alone, felt no more enthusiasm for the result than a wheel does for the work of a steam-engine. She had to move as force bade—that was all. Then came the details—rehearsals and Prosper. And, at last, without knowing how or why, the new prima donna assoluta, of whom at least a hundred people spoke for at least

ten minutes every day—which is the English for fame—found herself sitting in Lady Quorne's carriage beside Bessy Gaveston.

It was the first minute in which she had time to stretch her thoughts since, in Saragossa Row, her whole time was spent in that barren vacuum which passes for thinking; every road must indeed lead everywhere to bring Celia March and Bessy Swann together again under the wing of the Countess of Quorne.

"Celia?" said the chaperon timidly, as if she had put out her voice to touch Celia with instead of her finger, and was afraid of breaking her. She had never spoken to an actress in her life; and yet she could not quite reconcile the two ideas of her old protégée being at one and the same time an actress, and Celia March of the Close, whose shabbiness, shyness, and awkwardness she remembered as long as she could remember anything. She felt as old school-fellows might, when the fellow who could turn off elegiacs like Ovid, and bowl like Reginald Gaveston, after a few years of steady and respectable failure, becomes private secretary to a great man who was his own fag, and was famous for nothing but false quantities, and the qualities for which schoolboy humour has invented many forcible but not over delicate names. In whatever way it comes, it is a strange feeling—perhaps, the strangest of all that there are. "If I had met you in the very street, I shouldn't have known you," said Bessy, for the sake of saying something very strong indeed. "But—oh dear, what has happened? Why, you are crying, Celia! Aren't you glad to see somebody from Deepweald again? And there is little Bessy at home, though she's in bed now—"

"Oh, please, please, Bessy," said Celia between sobs, "please don't notice—don't mind. I shall be better in a minute—I shall indeed. Not glad to see you? Oh, Bessy, I wish—I wish that the carriage would drive on and on until we got to Deepweald, and I could get out there and go back into our old house and find everything the same as it used to be when—"

"When I was so miserable" she could only have said, had she left her sentence unbroken. "I should like to cry myself to sleep, and then go to sleep for the rest of my days."

"For the rest of your nights, you mean? There—never mind; it does everybody good to have a cry now and then. Only you never used to cry, or to laugh, or do

anything like anybody when you were a girl—but it is all so strange. I'm sure, if I'd been told that I should ever dine with Lady Quorne in London, I shouldn't have believed them."

"Indeed, you mustn't think I'm not glad to see you!" said Celia. "It feels like going home, so much—so much, that I want to be there. I am so tired. I want to hear the rooks and the organ, and just go to sleep——"

"Yes—and I'm tired, too. But, thank goodness, there's no need to get up to-morrow morning before we like, and we can have breakfast just as late as we please. I hope the man's driving us right? But I wonder at your wanting to go back to Deepweald. I don't—not yet, any way. I wish Reginald would get something in London—perhaps he will, as Lady Quorne seems so kind; not a bit like a countess, and she asked after little Bessy just like anybody might. There—you're better now you've had your cry out, aren't you?"

But it was not a light thing for Celia to cry—the relief came so late as to be in itself bodily pain. Her heart was a reservoir, where the tears for which well-nigh every day had served for a spring, had been gathering for years without an outlet, or rather had been frozen while they gathered. With her father in her life, or with her life in his, she had never dared to break down in this way; the spirit of the Score, present always and everywhere, had called for a tension too harsh and constant to allow of tears. It had given her even false strength enough to force herself through that evening's dinner, though she had felt a hard lump come into her throat as soon as she met the Gavestons in the drawing-room. Bessy, wherever she might be, and under whatever conditions, looked like a woman who had come straight from home, and her alliance with the peerage had not deprived her voice of the tone of her native county. But when she rolled away from the company in a carriage with springs as smooth as those of a dream, and saw through the window the gas-lamps and their suggestive flare, in contrast with the picture of a quiet white moon over tall elms that Bessy had brought her from homeland, what could she do but give in and cry? Her father was not there, and Bessy was a mother, as everybody soon learned—though not her own. She sat up straight, which brought her a timid inch nearer to little Bessy's mother's wing.

"I wish I were little Bessy," said Celia.

"Do you? What an odd thing to say."

"Is it?"

"But you always were saying and doing odd things. My father used very often to talk about you——"

"Tell me, Bessy—am I so very unlike everybody? I wish—I wish I was like you."

"Yes; you always were quite unlike anybody I ever knew—your skin was so dark, and your eyes were so large, and you never even had a flirtation," said Bessy, reaching at once the climax of singularity, and ignorant that, according to Mademoiselle Krasinski, Celia had been the deepest-dyed flirt in Lindenheim. "You never seemed even to have a girl-friend. But of course, as you have gone on the stage, that accounts for it all. I wonder what it would feel like to be on the stage? Reginald has a wonderful memory, except when he forgets things; but I should forget all I had to say at the first word, and stand staring at the people till they wondered what I was there for. No—I don't think you'd like to be me. I think I should like to be you, just to feel what it's like, you know. I don't mean I should like to be a real actress, because that would hardly do. What fun you must have, to be sure."

Evil communications were already beginning to corrupt the good manners of St. Anselm's—to have dined with a peeress and to be riding home with a prima donna were clearly not good for Bessy. But then those who are compelled to live at home with extra sobriety, have surely some little right to put one toe over the traces when they go abroad.

Meanwhile Celia was creeping closer, half-inch by half-inch, under the wing of Mrs. Gaveston, whose mere presence felt like a peaceful rest after those long weeks of whirl. And there was more sympathy between them than any physiognomist would suppose, who judged one by her quiet grey eyes and round pink face, and the other by her eyes of dark splendour and her southern colouring. As all real physiognomists know, the rules of physiognomy are all and always wrong, except when they are right: so that they are doubly untrustworthy. It is to be feared that the new prima donna was uncomfortably like a plain, homely, thatched cottage, which should stand in a garden of common wallflowers and cabbage-roses, but whose owner had buried it among strange-looking ferns, filled its window-frames with stained glass, and labelled it



grandly after his ambitious fancy. There was plenty of hearth-room for lighting a home-fire, but the feeble taper, which alone had been as yet lighted, only looked wonderful from the outside because of the colours through which it shone. Her eyes might be strangely like her great rival's in their southern depth and glow, but it was a simple English soul that looked out through them—as plain and simple as Bessy Gaveston's own. And the idea of fun for her in being torn and dragged into the glare out of her shell! It is true that Celia had never yet learned what is meant by fun, but the word touched a new chord, and stung her.

"Oh, I do hate it all so!" her whole nature cried out loud in her, and with an energy that for the moment scared her chaperon. "No—I oughtn't to say it; I have never said a word like that before, and—but I do. Bessy, please!"

Even Bessy was wise enough, if for nothing else, to feel the cry go through her, and to feel the tears come into her own heart, at the prayer of a shy sister-soul for a few crumbs of common love and sympathy. "Bessy—please," told even her a bitter tale of a life that begged dumbly for a look or a touch as if for a great thing that she dared not hope for, much less demand. The chaperon's arm was as wise as her heart; it went out, and round Celia's waist, as she said:

"What—you hate being on the stage? Then why do you go on it? Of course I thought you liked it, or you wouldn't be there."

"I must, Bessy. But never mind."

"But I do mind—there. If I didn't want to do a thing like that, I wouldn't, and wild horses shouldn't make me."

"Don't speak of it any more, please. I oughtn't to have said a word."

"But I will—and you ought, Celia. I thought people turned actors and actresses because they liked it; it can't be nice to make believe to be somebody else, and learn long speeches and things, if one doesn't like to."

"But people have to live in all sorts of ways they don't like, Bessy."

"Is that why you go on the stage?"

"No—not now."

"Then—?"

"I must—that's all."

"Oh dear! But you never were like anybody. Do you mean Mr. March makes you?"

"No—but I have to."

"Yes. And when you were a child you

had to get up and practise at six in cold frosty mornings—and you never had a day's rest or pleasure—and he used"—"to beat you," she was going to say, according to the traditions of Deepweald, but checked herself. "I know. We had a girl once who lived with you, and she used to say you led the life of a gallows slave. And now it's the same story, I suppose."

"No!" said Celia. "My father has done right, always—he is doing right now. It is wicked of me to hate anything but not trying to do my best and hardest for him. Oh Bessy, you don't know—you can't know! But oh, it is terrible to feel that the Cleopatra depends on me."

"You sing very nicely, I know, Celia, or else Lady Quorne wouldn't think so. But couldn't anybody else sing in this thing of his if you don't like to? I don't wonder at your being frightened—I know I should be."

"No—nobody but me. You don't know how it has been. He has spent his whole life in writing this part and training me for it, so that he could be sure it would be sung just as he pleased. I didn't understand it all once—but I do now. I only wish I had no voice, Bessy—or I wish I could make myself not care; and then I'd go through it if it killed me without minding anything or being afraid."

"But can't anybody else learn the songs? Couldn't he teach somebody else, like he taught you?"

"In twenty years? Cleopatra comes out in seven days—only six days now."

"Oh, what a sigh! But do you mean to tell me it takes a professional twenty years to learn two or three songs? Why Mr. March once taught me four songs in one week—"

"Yes," said Celia hastily, not caring to dwell upon her father's peculiar method with the amateurs of Deepweald; "but there's another reason why nobody could take my place, even if anyone could study the Cleopatra in six days—"

"Well?"

"Don't you remember he is deaf, Bessy? No—there is no help for it; none. He has gone through with it, and so must I. Yes—I must; and I will."

"Well, all I can say is, that I don't understand. Except that Mr. March is a— Never mind. I don't understand how it can take more fuss to sing a song, than to preach a sermon; and I don't know what would become of St. Anselm's, if Reginald took twenty years over every time he preaches. I'm pretty sure some

of them would go to sleep before he'd done. But I suppose Lady Quorne knows. You ought to get married, Celia."

"No."

"But yes, I say. You've got no mother, nor father—for Mr. March doesn't count—not a soul belonging to you. It isn't natural; and, for all you're so clever, I see now you're no more fit to go on the stage than my little Bessy—poor little darling. I wish you knew how to flirt, like other girls. What has become of that young man who knew you abroad, and once called on me at Deepweald, and who knows Lady Quorne?"

What indeed? When she had set her lips and said, "I will," she was thinking of something else than the Cleopatra; her crying-fit had left her heart perilously softened; and her will was needed, for more than aught else, to harden it against a growing vision of what might have been, which to her was grander, in its rest and tenderness, than all the worship of art and all the glory of song. If she could not feel the single-hearted enthusiasm for the great cause with which her father inspired others, it was because she was feeling the loss of what she had only just begun to know. The one friend whom she trusted without question had failed her, and left her in what others called her coming glory, but which she knew to be her utmost need. If she had dismissed him for duty's sake, what then? A girl has not to learn that a man who loves does not accept such dismissals. Where was he, if his words had ever meant anything more than empty air? The Score was all that was left her; it was indeed a case of "must" and "will."

"He seemed very nice," said Bessy meditatively, "and he was at Oxford with Reginald. And I really don't know who else to think of for you. The young men in Deepweald are not nice at all—quite a different sort than they used to be, when I was a girl. But here we are. And I declare there is Reginald, just at the door. Here we are, you see. How have you been enjoying yourself at your friend's? I'll tell you all about Lady Quorne's when I've put Celia to bed; she's tired, and I promised Lady Quorne to make her keep early hours."

"Glad to see you again, Miss March," said the curate, helping her from the carriage a little clumsily. "So you're in training, eh? I've been at the Temple, seeing my old friend Tom Bloxam—you

know, my dear—of Brasenose, who made the biggest score in my time; and it was just like old times, and we had some capital songs. Ah, it's a good thing to get out of Deepweald once in a blue moon; occasionally, you know."

"The biggest score?" asked Celia, wearily and absently echoing the too-familiar word.

"Yes—a hundred and twenty, and not out. What a—bother this latch-key is, to be sure. But I shall learn the trick in time. There. So you've enjoyed yourselves? That's all right. You're looking very well, Miss March, and I'm delighted to see you. Bessy will be a mother to you, I know, and I'll be a father. What's this letter on the candlestick? Just look at the address, Bessy, there's a good girl—the air seems to have got into my eyes."

"It's for you, Celia."

Celia was not unused to letters now. Prosper had occasion to write to her most days, especially now that the field-night was so near. But this was in German, and smelled of Lindenheim.

"DEAR MISS MARCH"—she read by the light of her bedroom candle, while Bessy stood watching her husband as he vainly struck his fourteenth match to light theirs—"I am just come to London with an engagement, and of course I have heard the first thing of the great things you are going to do. I send a thousand congratulations to the star of Lindenheim—our star. I got your address at the theatre, for I want so much to see you again, if a great prima donna like you will condescend to remember a humble comprimaria like me. I will come and see you to-morrow morning, on the chance of your having time for five minutes' talk about old times. Thine with all my heart,

ILMA KRASINSKI."

It was natural enough; for Lindenheim meant brotherhood and sisterhood all over the world, not the less fully because brothers and sisters now and then hate one another. Celia had no unkindly recollection of her fellow-student. But could Prosper have read the soul of that letter he would have trembled; and Andrew Gordon's dream of glory for art would have turned into a nightmare. Ilma was only Ilma; but, if eagles scorn flies too much, eagles are not wise.

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